

*L.E.* Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,  
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him  
Till we do heare from them.

*Sol.* Capitaine I will.

*L.E.* A will betray vs all vnto our selues,  
Inform on that.

*Sol.* So I will sir.

*L.E.* Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

*Enter Bertram, and the Maide called*

*Diana.*

*Ber.* They told me that your name was *Fonybell*.

*Dia.* No my good Lord, *Diana*.

*Ber.* Titled Goddesse,

And worth it with addition: but faire soule,  
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?  
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,  
You are no Maiden but a monument

When you are dead you should be such a one  
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet selfe was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but durie, such (my Lord)  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more a'that:

I prethee do not strue against my vowes:  
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee  
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer  
Do thee all rights of seruice.

*Dia.* If you serue vs

Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,  
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,  
And mocke vs with our barenesse.

*Ber.* How haue I sworne.

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,  
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:  
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,  
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me,  
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,  
I lou'd you deere, would you beleue my oathes,  
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding  
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue  
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes  
Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd  
At left in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it:

Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,  
And my integritie ne' knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,  
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,  
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer  
My loue as it begins, shall so perseuer.

*Dia.* I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,  
That we'll forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.

*Ber.* Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power  
To giue it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not my Lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour longing to our house,  
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,

Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine Honors such a Ring,  
My chastities the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,  
In me to lose. Thus your owne proper wisdom  
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,  
Against your vaine assault.

*Ber.* Heere, take my Ring,  
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,  
And Ile be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knocke at my cham-  
ber window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,  
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:

My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,  
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:  
And on your finger in the night, Ile put  
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,  
May token to the future, our past deeds.

Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.  
*Dia.* For which, I liue long to thank both heauen & me,  
You may so in the end.

My mother told me iust how he would woo,  
As if the fate in's heart. She sayes, all men  
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me  
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,  
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:  
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,  
To cosen him that would vnjustly winne.

*Enter the two French Capitaines, and some two or three*  
*Souldiours.*

*Cap.G.* You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.  
*Cap.E.* I haue deliuer'd it an houre since, there is som  
thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it,  
he chang'd almost into another man.

*Cap.G.* He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,  
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

*Cap.E.* Especially, hee hath incurred the euil last  
displeasure of the King, who had euen turn'd his bounty  
to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but  
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

*Cap.G.* When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am  
the graue of it.

*Cap.E.* Hee hath peruerterd a young Gentlewoman  
heere in Florence, of a most chaste renown, & this night  
he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath  
giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe  
made in the vnchaste composition.

*Cap.G.* Now God delay our rebellion as we are our  
selues, what things are we.

*Cap.E.* Meereely our owne traitours. And as in the  
common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale  
themselves, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so  
he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobli-  
lity in his proper streame, ore-floues himselfe.

*Cap.G.* Is it not meane damnable in vs, to be Trum-  
peters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue  
his company to night?

*Cap.E.* Not till after midnight: for hee's dieted to  
his house.

*Cap.G.* That approaches apace: I would gladly haue  
him see his company anathemiz'd, that hee might take

a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously  
he had set this counterfeit.

*Cap.E.* We will not meddle with him till he come;  
for his presence must be the whip of the other.

*Cap.G.* In the meane time, what heere you of these  
Warres?

*Cap.E.* I heere there is an ouerture of peace.

*Cap.G.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

*Cap.E.* What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he  
trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

*Cap.G.* I perceiue by this demand, you are not alto-  
gether of his counsell.

*Cap.E.* Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great  
deale of his act.

*Cap.G.* Sir, his wife some two months since fledde  
from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Ia-  
ques le grand; which holy vndertaking, with most au-  
thenticke sanctimonie she accomplisht: and there residing,  
the tendernes of her Nature, became as a prey to her  
griefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now  
she sings in heauen.

*Cap.E.* How is this iustified?

*Cap.G.* The stronger part of it by her owne Letters,  
which makes her storie true, euen to the poynt of her  
death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office  
to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector  
of the place.

*Cap.E.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

*Cap.G.* I, and the particular confirmations, point  
from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

*Cap.E.* I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of  
this.

*Cap.G.* How mightily sometimes, we snake vs com-  
forts of our losses.

*Cap.E.* And how mightily some other times, wee  
drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his  
valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be en-  
countred with a shame as ample.

*Cap.G.* The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne,  
good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if  
our faults whip them not, and our crimes would dis-  
parise if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now? Where's your master?

*Ser.* He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee  
hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next  
morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Let-  
ters of commendations to the King.

*Cap.E.* They shall bee no more then needfull there,  
if they were more then they can commend.

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

*Ber.* They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart-  
nesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,  
is not after midnight?

*Ber.* I haue to night dispatch'd fixteene busineses, a  
moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I  
haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his  
nereest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my La-  
die mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, &  
betwene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected ma-  
ny nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue  
not ended yet.

*Cap.E.* If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this  
morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your

Lordship.

*Ber.* I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing  
to heare of it hereafter: but shall we haue this dialogue  
betwene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring  
forth this counterfet module, ha's deceiu'd mee, like a  
double-meaning Prophet.

*Cap.E.* Bring him forth, ha's fate i'th stockes all night  
poore gallant knaue.

*Ber.* No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsur-  
ping his spurs so long. How does he carry himselfe?

*Cap.E.* I haue told your Lordship alreadie: The  
stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be  
vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her  
milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee  
supposes to be a Friar, fro the time of his remembrance  
to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes:  
and what thinke you he hath confest?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, ha's a?

*Cap.E.* His confession is taken, and it shall bee read  
to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleue you  
are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

*Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.*

*Ber.* A plague vpon him, muffeld; he can say nothing  
of me: hush, hush.

*Cap.G.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa*.

*Inter.* He calles for the tortures, what will you say  
without em.

*Par.* I will confesse what I know without constraint,  
If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

*Int.* *Boisko Chimurcho*.

*Cap.* *Bolbindo cliscarmurco*.

*Int.* You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall  
bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to liue.

*Int.* First demand of him, how many horse the Duke  
is strong. What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or fixe thousand, but very weake and vn-  
seruiceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Com-  
manders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and  
credit, and as I hope to liue.

*Int.* Shall I set downe your answer so?

*Par.* Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which  
way you will: all's one to him.

*Ber.* What a past-sauing flauie is this?

*Cap.G.* Yare deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounseur  
*Parolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase  
that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his  
scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger.

*Cap.E.* I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping  
his sword cleane, nor beleue he can haue euerie thing  
in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true,  
or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.

*Cap.G.* He's very neere the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he  
deliueres it.

*Par.* Poore rogues, I pray you say.

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the  
Rogues are maruailous poore.

*Interp.* Demand of him of what strength they are a  
foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present  
houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred &  
fiftie,